

**Capital Prize, \$150,000.**

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for the monthly and semi-annual drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith towards all parties; and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with facsimiles of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

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*J. H. Early*  
Commissioners.

We the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lottery which may be presented at our counters.

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**CAPITAL PRIZE, \$150,000.**  
Notice—Tickets are \$10 only. Halves \$5. Fifths, \$2. Tenths \$1.

**LIST OF PRIZES:**  
1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF \$150,000.....\$150,000  
1 GRAND PRIZE OF 50,000.....50,000  
1 GRAND PRIZE OF 20,000.....20,000  
2 LARGE PRIZES OF 10,000.....20,000  
4 LARGE PRIZES OF 5,000.....20,000  
9 PRIZES OF 1,000.....9,000  
50 " " 500.....25,000  
100 " " 200.....20,000  
200 " " 100.....20,000  
500 " " 50.....25,000

**APPROXIMATION PRIZES:**  
100 Approximation Prizes of \$500.....\$50,000  
100 " " 100.....10,000  
100 " " 50.....5,000  
1000 Terminal " " 50.....50,000

2,170 Prizes amounting to.....\$535,000

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**REMEMBER** That the presence of General Beauregard and Farly, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity. That the chances are all equal and that no one can possibly divine what number will draw a prize.

**REMEMBER** That the payment of all prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose charter rights are recognized in the highest Court; therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes.

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**CURES**  
Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Stings, Bites, Bruises, Eruptions, Corns, Sprains, Strains, Stitches, Stiff Joints, Backache, Galls, Sore Feet, Spavin, Cracks.

**THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY** accomplishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Liniment is found in its universal applicability. Everybody needs such a medicine. The Lumberman needs it in case of accident. The Housewife needs it for general family use. The Cattleman needs it for his teams and his men. The Mechanic needs it always on his work bench.

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Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds. Trial bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at Owen & Moore's.

**Allan Quatermain**  
By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "KIDNAP," "THE WITCH'S HEAD," ETC.

**CHAPTER III.**  
**THE MISSION STATION.**

We made the remains of our rope fast to the other canoe, and sat waiting for the dawn and congratulating ourselves upon our merciful escape, which really seemed to result more from the special favor of Providence than from our own care or prowess. At last it came, and I have not often been more grateful to see the light, though, so far as my canoe was concerned, it revealed a ghastly sight. There in the bottom of the little boat lay the unfortunate Askari, the slave, or, as I called him, the murdered man, and he was dead, his head broken, his body mangled, his limbs severed, his face a mass of blood and gore. I could not bear the sight, so I turned away and went to the bottom of the boat, and down he went to the bottom, leaving nothing but a trail of bubbles behind him. Alas! when our time comes, most of us, like him, leave nothing but bubbles behind, to show that we have been, and the bubbles soon burst. The hand of his murderer we threw into the stream, where it sank. The sword, of which the handle was ivory, inlaid with gold (evidently Arab work), I kept and used as a hunting knife, and very useful it proved.



**The Mission Station.**  
Then, a man having been transferred to my canoe, we once more went on about 11 o'clock. Just as we were thinking of halting, as usual, to rest, and try to shoot something to eat, a sudden bend in the river brought us in sight of a substantial looking European house, with a veranda round it, splendidly situated upon a hill, and surrounded by a high stone wall with a ditch on the outer side. Right against and overshadowing the house was an enormous pine, the top of which we had seen through a glass for the last two days, but of course without knowing that it marked the site of the mission station. I was the first to see the house, and could not restrain myself from giving a hearty cheer, in which the others, including the natives, joined lustily. There was no thought of halting now. On we labored, for, unfortunately, though the house seemed quite near, it was still a long way off by river, until at last, by 1 o'clock, we found ourselves at the bottom of the slope on which the building stood. Running the canoe to the bank, we disembarked, and were just hauling them up on to the shore when we perceived three figures, dressed in ordinary English looking clothes, hurrying down through a grove of trees to meet us.

"A gentleman, a lady, and a little girl!" ejaculated Good, after surveying the trio through his eye-glass, "walking in a civilized fashion, through a civilized garden, to meet us in this place. Hang me if this isn't the most curious thing we have seen yet."

Good was right; it certainly did seem odd and out of place—more like a scene out of a dream—than an Italian opera than a real tangible fact; and the sense of unreality was not lessened when we heard ourselves addressed in good broad Scotch, which, however, I cannot reproduce.

"How do you do, sir?" said Mr. Mackenzie, a gray haired angular man with a kindly face and red cheeks; "I hope I see you very well. My natives told me an hour ago they spied two canoes with white men in them coming up the river; so we have just come down to meet you."

"And it is very glad that we are to see a white face again, let me tell you," put in the lady—a charming and refined looking person. We took off our hats in acknowledgment, and proceeded to introduce ourselves.

"And now," said Mr. Mackenzie, "you must all be hungry and weary; so come on, gentlemen, come on, and right glad we are to see you. The last white that visited us was Alphonse—you will see Alphonse presently—and that was a year ago."

Meanwhile we had been walking up the slope of the hill, the lower portion of which was fenced off, sometimes with quince fences and sometimes with rough stone walls, into Kafir gardens, just now full of crops of melons, pumpkins, potatoes, etc. In the corners of these gardens groups of neat masonry shaped huts, occupied by Mr. Mackenzie's mission natives, whose women and children came pouring out to meet us as we walked. Through the center of the gardens ran the roadway up which we were walking. It was bordered on each side by a line of orange trees, which, although they had only been planted ten years, had in the lovely climate of the uplands below Mt. Kenya, the base of which is about 5,000 feet above the coast line level, already grown to imposing proportions, and were positively laden with golden fruit.

After a stilted climb of a quarter of a mile or so—for the hillside was steep—we came to a splendid quince fence, also covered with fruit, which, indeed, Mr. Mackenzie told us, was of about four acres of ground that contained his private garden, house, church and outbuildings, and, indeed, the whole hill top. And what a garden it was! I have always loved a good garden, and I could have thrown up my hands for joy when I saw Mr. Mackenzie's. First there were rows upon rows of standard European fruit trees, all grafted; for on the top of this hill the climate was so temperate that this very nearly all the English vegetables, trees and flowers flourished luxuriantly, even including several varieties of the apple, which, generally speaking, runs to wood in a warm climate and obstinately declines to fruit. Then there were strawberries and tomatoes (such tomatoes) and melons and cucumbers, and indeed every sort of vegetable and fruit.

"I tell you, you have something like a garden!" I said, overpowered with admiration not unshared by my companions.

"Yes," answered the missionary, "it is a very good garden, and has well repaid my labor; but it is the climate that I have to thank. If you stick a peach stone into the ground it will bear fruit the fourth year, and a rose cutting will bloom in a year. It is a lovely climate."

Just then we came to a ditch about ten feet wide and full of water, on the other side of which was a looped stone wall eight feet high, and with sharp flints plentifully set in mortar on the coping.

"There," said Mr. Mackenzie, pointing to the ditch and wall, "this is my magnum opus; at least, this and the church, which is the other side of the house. It took me and twenty natives two years to dig the ditch and build the wall, but I never felt safe till it was done; and now I can defy all the savages in Africa, for the spring that fills the ditch is inside the wall, and bubbles out at the top of the hill winter and summer alike, and I always keep a store of four months' provisions in the house."

Crossing over a plank and through a very narrow opening in the wall, we entered into what Mrs. Mackenzie called her domain—namely, the flower garden, the beauty of which it is really beyond my power to describe. I do not think I ever saw such roses, gardenias, or camellias (all reared from seeds, or cuttings sent from England); and there was also a patch given up to a collection of bulbous roots, mostly collected by Miss Flossie, Mr. Mackenzie's little daughter, from the surrounding country, some of which were surpassingly beautiful. In the middle of this garden, and exactly opposite the veranda, a beautiful fountain of clear water bubbled up from the ground, and fell into a stone work basin which had been carefully built to receive it, whence the overflow found its way by means of a drain to the moat round the outer wall, this moat in its turn serving (as a reservoir, whence an unfailing supply of water was available to irrigate all the gardens below. The house itself, a massively built single storied building, was roofed with slabs of stone, and had a handsome veranda in front. It was built on three sides of a square, the fourth side being taken up by the kitchen, which stood separate from the house—a very good plan in a hot country. In the center of this square thus formed was, perhaps, the most remarkable object that we had yet seen in this charming place, and that was a single tree of the conifer tribe, varieties of which grow freely on the highlands of this part of Africa. This splendid tree, which Mr. Mackenzie informed us was a landmark for fifty miles round, and which we had ourselves seen for the last forty miles of our journey, must have been some 300 feet in height, the trunk measuring about 10 feet in diameter at a yard from the ground. For some seventy feet it rose a beautiful tapering pillar without a single branch, but at that height splendid dark green boughs, which, looked from below, had the appearance of gigantic fern leaves, sprang out horizontally from the trunk, projecting right over the house and flower garden, to both of which they furnished a grateful proportion of shade, without being so high up—offering any impediment to the passage of light and air.

"What a beautiful tree!" exclaimed Sir Henry.

"Yes, you are right; it is a beautiful tree. There is not another like it in all the country round. I call it my watch tower. As you see, I have a rope ladder fixed to the lowest bough, and if I want to see anything that is going on within fifteen miles or so, all I have to do is to run up it with a spyglass. But you must be hungry, and I am sure the dinner is cooked. Come in, my friends; it is but a rough place, but well enough for these savage parts; and I can tell you what we have got—a French cook!" And he led the way on to the veranda.

As I was following him, and wondering what on earth he could mean by this, there suddenly appeared through the door that opened on to the veranda from the house a dapper little man, dressed in a neat blue cotton suit, and whose made of tanned hide, and remarkable for a bushy air and most enormous black mustaches, shaped into an upward curve, and coming to a point for all the world like a pair of buffalo horns.

"Ay," said Mr. Mackenzie, "what are you talking about, Alphonse?"

"Talking about," replied the little Frenchman, his eyes still fixed upon Unalopogass, whose general appearance seemed to fascinate him; "why, I talk of him—and he rudely pointed—'of ce monsieur noir.'"

"Parbleu!" said Alphonse, "he is angered—he makes the grimace. I like not his air. I vanish." And he hid with considerable rapidity.

Mr. Mackenzie joined heartily in the shout of laughter which we indulged in. "He is a queer character—Alphonse," he said. "By and by I will tell you his history; in the mean while let us try his cooking."

"Might I ask," said Sir Henry, after we had eaten a most excellent dinner, "how you came to have a French cook in these wilds?"

"Oh," answered Mrs. Mackenzie, "he arrived here of his own accord about a year ago, and asked to be taken into our service. He had got into some trouble in France, and fled to Zanzibar, where he found an application had been made by the French government for his extradition. Whereupon he rushed off to country, and fell in, when nearly starved, with our caravan of men, who were bringing us our annual supply of goods, and was brought on here. You should get him in to tell you the story."

When dinner was over we lit our pipes, and Sir Henry proceeded to give our host a description of our journey up here, over which he looked very grave.

"It is evident to me," he said, "that those really Masai are following you, and I am very thankful that you have reached this place in safety. I do not think that they will dare to attack you here. It is unfortunate, though, that nearly all my men have gone down to the coast with ivory and goods. There are 200 of them in the caravan, and the consequence is that I have not more than twenty men available for defensive purposes in case they should attack us. But, still, I will just give a few orders; and calling a black man who was loitering about outside in the garden, he went to the window and addressed him in a Swahili dialect. The man listened, and then saluted and departed.

"I am sure I devoutly hope that we shall bring no such calamity upon you," said I, anxiously, when he had taken his seat again. Rather than bring those bloodthirsty villains about your ears, we will move on and take our chance."

"You will do nothing of the sort. If the Masai come they come, and there is an end on it; and I think we can give them a pretty warm greeting. I would not show any man the door for all the Masai in the world."

"That reminds me," I said, "the consul at Lamu told me that he had a letter from you, in which you said that a man had arrived here who reported that he had come across a white people in the interior. Do you think that there was any truth in his story? I ask because I have once or twice in my life heard rumors from natives who have come down from the far north of the existence of such a race."

Mr. Mackenzie, by way of answer, went out of the room and returned, bringing with him a most curious sword. It was long, and all the blade, which was very thick and heavy, was, to within a quarter of an inch of the cutting edge, worked into an ornamental pattern exactly as we work soft wood with a fretsaw, the steel, however, being invariably pierced in such a way as not to interfere with the strength of the sword. This itself was sufficiently curious, but what was still more so was that all the edges of the hollow spaces cut through the substance of the blade were most beautifully inlaid with gold, which was in some way that I cannot understand welded on to the steel.

"Then," said Mr. Mackenzie, "did you ever see a sword like that?"

"We all examined it, and shook our heads. 'Well, I have got it to show you, because this is what the man who said he had seen the white people brought with him, and because it does more or less give an air of truth to what I should otherwise have set down as a lie. Look here; I will tell you all that I know about the matter, which is not much. One afternoon, just before sunset, I was sitting on the veranda, when a poor, miserable, starved looking man came limping up and squatted down before me. I asked him where he came from and what he wanted, and thereon he plunged into a long, rambling narrative about how he belonged to a tribe far in the north, and how his tribe was destroyed by another tribe, and he with a few other survivors driven still further north, past a lake named Laga. Thence, it appears, he made his way to another lake that lay in the mountains, 'a lake without a bottom' he called it, and here his wife and brother died of an infectious sickness—probably smallpox—whereon the people drove him out of their villages into the wilderness, where he wandered miserably over mountains for ten days, after which he got into a dense thorn forest, and was one day found there by some white men who were hunting, and who took him to a place where all the people were white and lived in stone houses. Here he remained a week shut up in a house, till one night a man with a white beard, whom he understood to be a 'medicine man,' came and inspected him, after which he was led off and taken through the thorn forest to the confines of the wilderness, and given food and this sword (at least so he said) and turned loose."

"Well," said Sir Henry, who had been listening with breathless interest, "and what did he do then?"

"As the most beautiful place of the sort that I have seen in Africa. We then returned to the veranda, where we found Unalopogass taking advantage of this favorable opportunity to clean thoroughly all the rifles. This was the only work that he ever did or was asked to do, for as a Zulu chief it was beneath his dignity to work with his hands; but such as it was he did it very well. It was a curious sight to see the great Zulu sitting there upon the floor, his battle-axe resting against the wall behind him, while his long, aristocratic looking hands were busily employed, delicately, and with the utmost care, cleaning the mechanism of the breech loaders. He had a name for each gun. One—a double four bore belonging to Sir Henry—was the Thunder-bore; another, my 800 Express, which had a peculiarly sharp report, was 'the little one who spoke like a whip'; the Winchester repeater 'the women, who talked so much that you could not tell one word from another'; the six Martini was 'the common people'; and so on with them all. It was very curious to hear him addressing each gun as he cleaned it, as though it were an individual, and in a vein of the quaintest humor. He did the same with his battle-axe, which he seemed to look upon as an intimate friend, and to which he would at times talk by the hour, going over all his old adventures with it—and dreadful enough some of them were. By a piece of grim humor he had named this ax 'Inkoi-kas,' which is the Zulu word for chieftainess. For a long while I could not make out why he gave it such a name, and at last I asked him, when he informed me that the ax was evidently feminine, because of her womanly habit of prying very deep into things, and that she was clearly a chieftainess because all men fell down before her, struck dumb at the sight of her beauty and power. In the same way he would consult 'Inkoi-kas' if in any dilemma; and when I asked him why he did so, he informed me it was because she must needs be wise, having 'looked into so many people's brains.'"

I took up the ax and closely examined this formidable weapon. It was, as I have said, of the nature of a poleax. The haft, made out of an enormous rhinoceros horn, was three feet three inches long, about an inch and a quarter thick, and with a knob at the end as large as a Maltese cross, left there to prevent the hand from slipping. This horn knob, though so massive, was as flexible as cane, and practically unbreakable, but, to make assurance double sure, was wrapped round at intervals of a few inches with copper wire—all the parts where the hand gripe being thus treated. Just above where the haft entered the head were scored a number of little nicks, each nick representing a man killed in battle with the weapon. The ax itself was made of the most beautiful steel, and apparently of European manufacture, though Unalopogass did not know where it came from, having taken it from the hand of a chief he had killed in battle many years before. It was not very heavy, the head weighing two and a half pounds, as nearly as I could judge. The cutting part was slightly concave in shape—not convex, as is generally the case with savage battle-axes—and sharp as a razor, measuring five and three-quarter inches across the widest part. From the back of the ax sprang a stout spike four inches long, for the last two of which it was hollow, and shaped like a leather punch, with an opening for anything forced into the hollow at the punch end to be pushed out above—in fact, in this respect it exactly resembled a butcher's poleax. It was with this punch end, as we afterward discovered, that Unalopogass usually struck when fighting, driving a neat round hole in his adversary's skull, and only using the broad, cutting edge for a circular sweep, or sometimes in a melee. I think he considered the punch a natter and more sportsmanlike tool, and it was for his habit of pecking at his enemy with it that he got his name of 'Woodpecker.' Certainly in his hands it was a terribly efficient one.

Such was Unalopogass's ax, Inkoi-kas, the most remarkable and fatal hand to hand weapon that I ever saw, and one that he cherished as much as his own life. He scarcely ever left his hand except when he was eating, and then he always sat with it under his leg.

Just as I returned his ax to Unalopogass Miss Flossie came up and took me off to see her collection of flowers, African lilliums and blooming shrubs, some of which are very beautiful, many of the varieties being quite unknown to me, and also, I believe, to botanical science. I asked her if she had ever seen or heard of the Goya Lily, which central African explorers have told me they have occasionally met with, and whose wonderful loveliness has filled them with astonishment. This Lily, which the natives say blooms only once in ten years, flourishes in the most arid soil.

To my great delight Miss Flossie told me that she knew the flower well, and had tried to grow it in her garden, but without success, adding, however, that as it should be in bloom at this time of year, she thought that she could procure me a specimen.

After that I felt to asking her if she was not lonely up here among all these savage people, and without any companions of her own age.

"Lonely?" she said. "Oh, indeed not. I am as happy as the day is long, and besides I have my own companions."

"And are you never afraid among all these wild men?"

"Afraid! Oh, not they never interfere with me. I think they believe that I am 'Ngar' (of the Divinity), 'because I am so white and have fair hair. And look here,' and diving her little hand into the bodies of her dress she produced a double barreled, nickel plated Derringer. 'I always carry that loaded, and if anybody tried to touch me I should shoot him. Once I shot a leopard that jumped upon my donkey as I was riding along. It frightened me very much, but I shot it in the ear and it fell dead, and I have its skin upon my bed.'"

Just then the spies whom our host had sent out in the morning to find out if there were any traces of our Masai friends about returned, and reported that the country had been scoured for fifteen miles round without a single Elmoran being seen, and that they believed that those gentry had given up the pursuit and returned whence they came. Mr. Mackenzie gave a sigh of relief when he heard this, and so indeed did we, for we had had quite enough of the Masai to last us for some time. Indeed, the general opinion was, that finding we had reached the mission station in safety, they had, knowing its strength, given up the pursuit of us as a bad job. How I judged that view was the sequel will show.

After the spies had gone, and Mrs. Mackenzie and Flossie had retired for night, Alphonse, the little Frenchman, came out, and Sir Henry, who is a very good French scholar, got him to tell us how he came to visit Central Africa, which he did in a most extraordinary lingo, that for the most part I shall not attempt to reproduce.

"My grandfather," he began, "was a soldier of the guard, and served under Napoleon. He was in the retreat from Moscow, and lived for ten days on his own leggings and a pair he stole from a comrade. He used to get drunk—he died drunk, and I remember playing at drums on his coffin. My father—"

Here we suggested that he might skip his ancestry and come to the point always touch.

"Bien, monsieur," replied this comical little man, with a polite bow. "I did only wish to demonstrate that the military principle is not hereditary. My grandfather was a splen-

**CHAPTER IV.**  
**ALPHONSE AND HIS ANNETTE.**

After dinner we thoroughly inspected all the outbuildings and grounds of the station, which I consider the most successful as well